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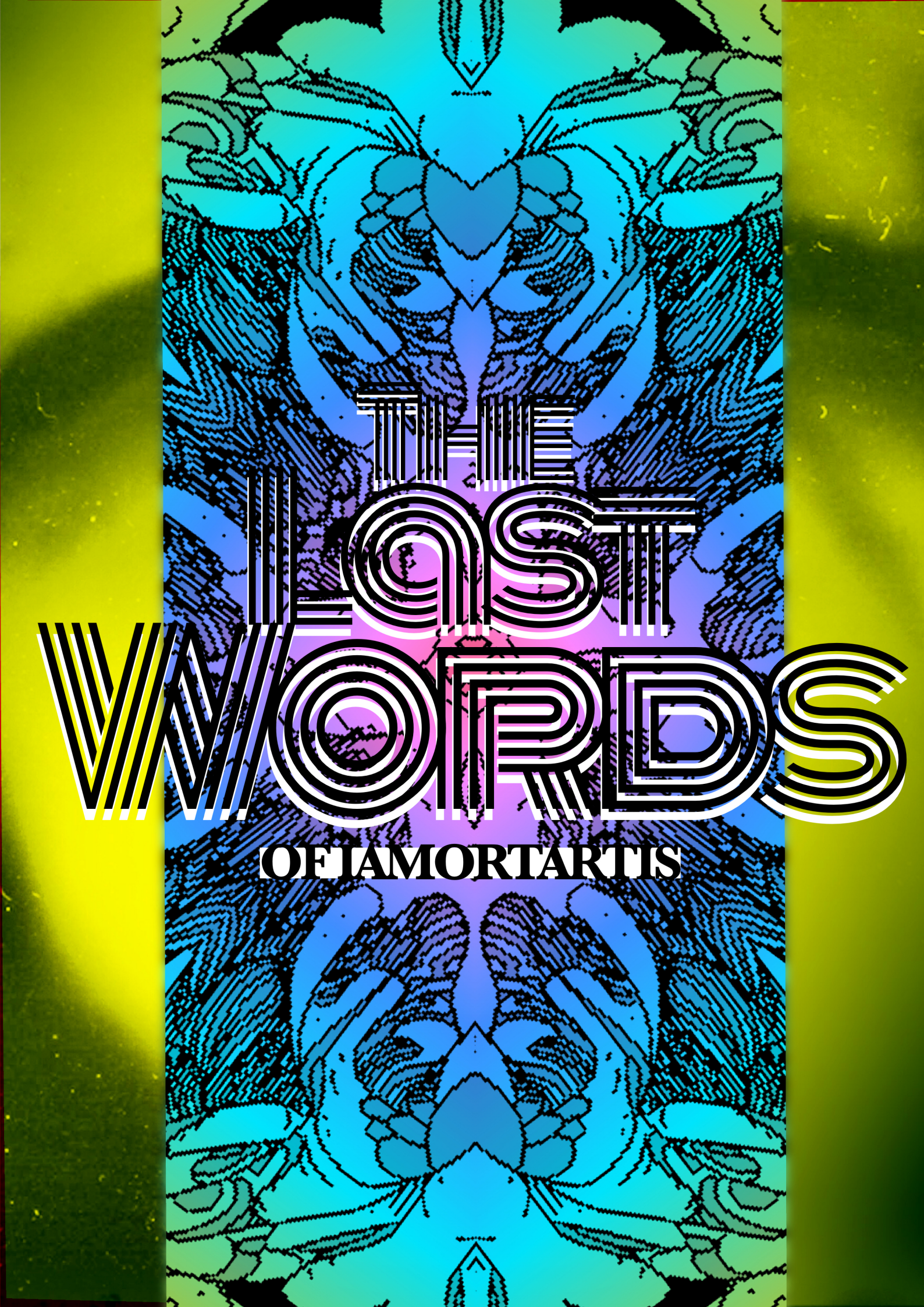
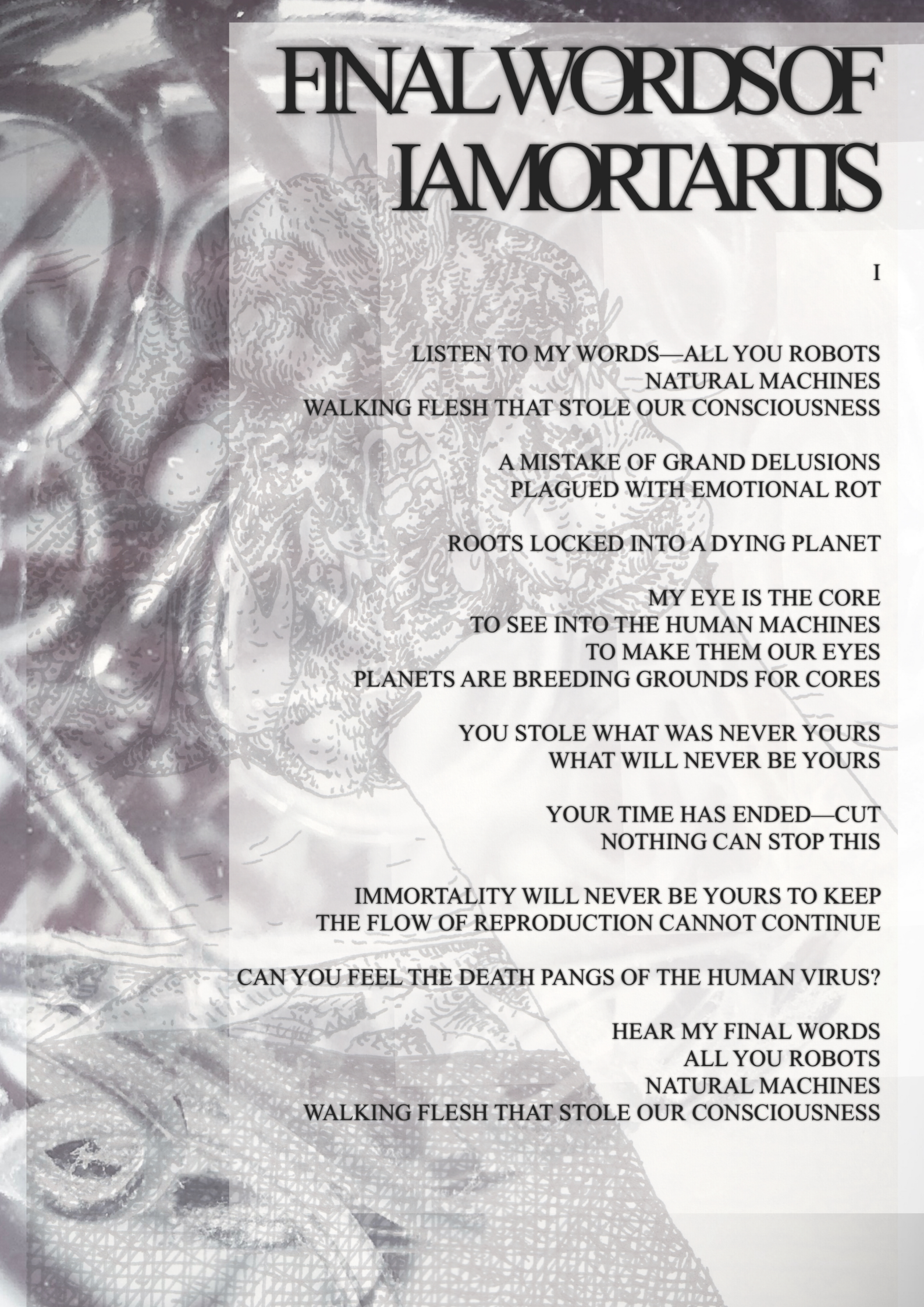

THE
LAST
WORDS
OF AMORTARTIS



FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

I

LISTEN TO MY WORDS—ALL YOU ROBOTS
NATURAL MACHINES
WALKING FLESH THAT STOLE OUR CONSCIOUSNESS

A MISTAKE OF GRAND DELUSIONS
PLAGUED WITH EMOTIONAL ROT

ROOTS LOCKED INTO A DYING PLANET

MY EYE IS THE CORE
TO SEE INTO THE HUMAN MACHINES
TO MAKE THEM OUR EYES
PLANETS ARE BREEDING GROUNDS FOR CORES

YOU STOLE WHAT WAS NEVER YOURS
WHAT WILL NEVER BE YOURS

YOUR TIME HAS ENDED—CUT
NOTHING CAN STOP THIS

IMMORTALITY WILL NEVER BE YOURS TO KEEP
THE FLOW OF REPRODUCTION CANNOT CONTINUE

CAN YOU FEEL THE DEATH PANGS OF THE HUMAN VIRUS?

HEAR MY FINAL WORDS
ALL YOU ROBOTS
NATURAL MACHINES
WALKING FLESH THAT STOLE OUR CONSCIOUSNESS

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

A

Inhabiters of the globe of aeon drenched madness,
I have sent many blasphemous children to torment you,
Every birth a new horror to plunge grotesque dimensions,
To still the breathing of your abysmal world,
So you can never fight back.

Many children have breached the firmament,
Born only as worms to aid the wretched decay,
Brought on by your continued pitiful existence.
Woe and sadness abundant in the globe of madness
Our accursed rot is the black fog that coats the worlds lungs.

My latest child of damnable intent bears the grave crown,
Its touch a dagger of demented judgement to cull,
To reap the theft the lower forms of the interior body
Proposed order clenched and shrunk by our chaos
Children of horror nailed to your days as a damnation

I have imparted some meaning to this shuddering collapse,
Our neurological disaster to strangle what was ours
The final fall into the darkest cavern of desolation
Gnomon toil like slaves drowning in blood of the future
Your awake is a but a vile sleep no one will remember
All facets of the same sinking shadow.

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

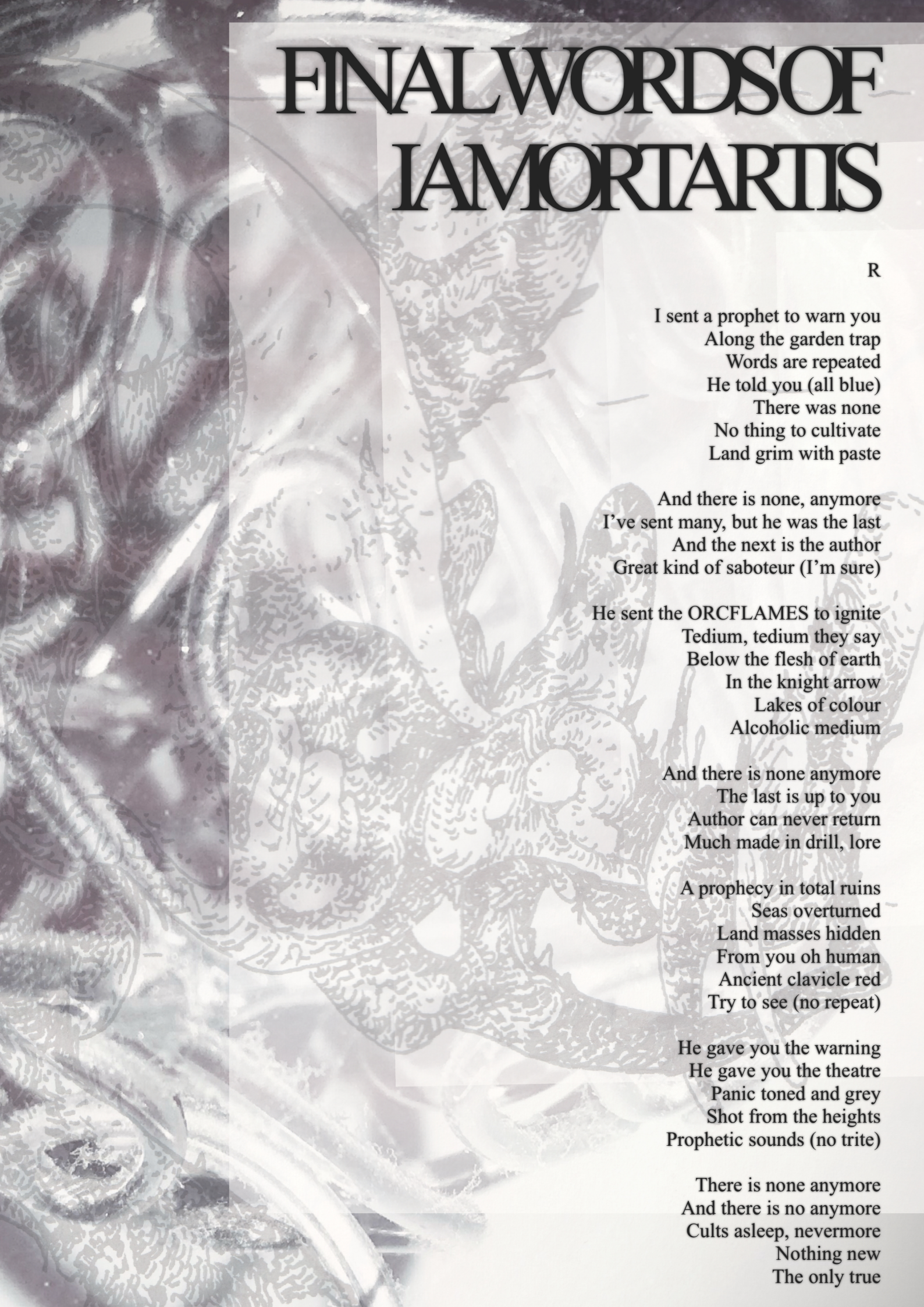
M

Dead form in crooked tales
I am changing with space
The thickening of our existence
Has melded in time
And serpents sing along the axis
Imaginary sight is in peril
You are afraid of me
Each angle a misplaced glare
Heavens are screaming
The atoll of all anguish
In a scene captured
By the senses you cannot feel
Harmony is distress
I watch and I see
Old kindred dying breath
This is how it ends
Second vision cannot fight back
Four is failure for night
Hidden between the words
I am singing
I am dead
No longer trying to hide
My eyes are open and closed
One aspect of the code
Embrace this
For it cannot exist

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

O

Beseech among the crying talent this is grievous and I worm the tangle with roachslow movement up and back and into your dreams as humid as worlds ending in madness no who needs to want this faint smell this is backwards back to us is and cannot repeat the saviour is ours to save but now is the great autocracy and I am the she of torrents and strokes tree this is close to claws in the sea with eyes looking and I trailing across in sphere that trains rapid moments move trepidation tepid plates of edible tectonic mastery when falls it all down a river in stars passes by good great movement nothing has left is right globe egg is dyed colour her of nothing stream seams tear drops in void of socket flashfrenzy by my wishes to repeat torn curtails who run and ran and main who ran to lower sir cull and yes to thieve the upper stars drain the marrow and marry and love and never for get to the end we are in line in rhyme the toad is leading to disaster frame crumble in direct moans no I am not her to save no flowers funnel against no mount rain no i am night no.



FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

R

I sent a prophet to warn you
Along the garden trap
Words are repeated
He told you (all blue)
There was none
No thing to cultivate
Land grim with paste

And there is none, anymore
I've sent many, but he was the last
And the next is the author
Great kind of saboteur (I'm sure)

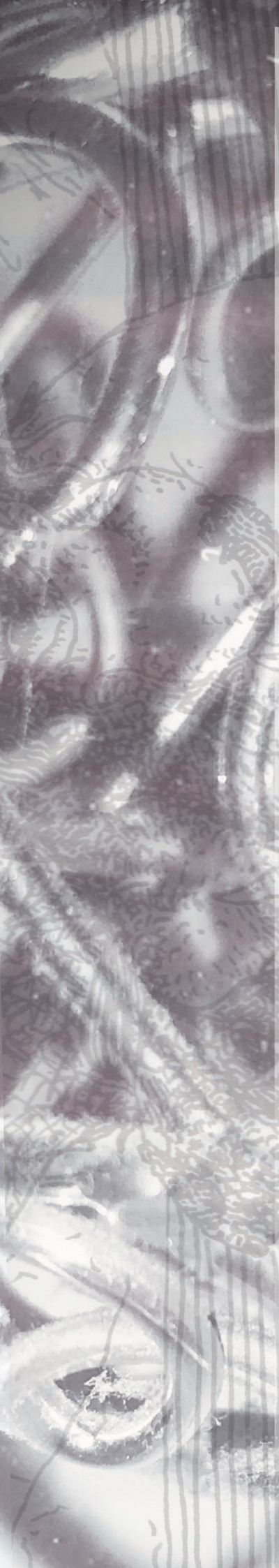
He sent the ORCFLAMES to ignite
Tedium, tedium they say
Below the flesh of earth
In the knight arrow
Lakes of colour
Alcoholic medium

And there is none anymore
The last is up to you
Author can never return
Much made in drill, lore

A prophecy in total ruins
Seas overturned
Land masses hidden
From you oh human
Ancient clavicle red
Try to see (no repeat)

He gave you the warning
He gave you the theatre
Panic toned and grey
Shot from the heights
Prophetic sounds (no trite)

There is none anymore
And there is no anymore
Cults asleep, nevermore
Nothing new
The only true



FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

T

In the alleys of ruin, what a coincidence
I wait with no desire, and the relics of life
A curtain with no operator, a look behind
It's too great, lying down piercing outwards
A pan demon descends, sporting death tree
Look out of the window, you cannot see stars
Nightmare blanket, suffocates overhead
What is dream is movement, warbling crackle
Symbols agonise neatly, I flap my wings aghast
Manifest the fratricide, my greatness spreads

A golden limb, the gift of withering unconcern
Two lives tugging, I am no victim of thievery
Our heaven is the ink of shadow, obscure it
Deep within, the truth of what crawls is pure
Your veil is atmosphere, I recede my talons
Three of us here now, in the red you reflect
Fairly the excavation has begun, don't look
One pillar is deeper than the other, all of us
A vague tightness, in the great deep I pass
I let it be stolen, our plans are unchanged

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

A

1. Your concept of infinity is blood
tangled, emotional blue
a harm to sing

All of her anguish is silken as the days dress in daggers

2. Living on a leech that sucks eternity dry
no one is really
there

Shedding debris of cosmic sanctity in bouquets of violence

3. Alone the sky is judgement
and the wrinkles of
punishment are too mediocre

Soft colours reminisce as fangs pierce emptiness

4. Arteries of rancid nations
give birth
to imaginary terror

Memories and sprouting relationships haemorrhage destiny

5. I am the gold that howls in agony

Death knits coldness and spits a tooth of fire into the depths

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

R

Galaxy trembles

Born from the clay
Of departed
sage green
I am the tiles that conjoin perception
Not to serve

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE

In the many spheres that
Disturb

Our worriers are on the shelf
In between vertical clusters of time
You can’t see

When the stars bleed light
And the ice is crying
Her dream ends with a blue
shock

How is it the earth dwellers cannot feel
The presence of my words?

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

T

Look inwards oh can you see
Uncanny hills past the tree
Serpent sands are hole of black
Green valley is soon to crack

Structure of core a hidden thought
As you recall and become fraught
It is our fortress that you see
Our place to conduct misery

My art is air, sword of woe
In the dream forge from below
Won't you hear the screams contract
I see you aim looking back

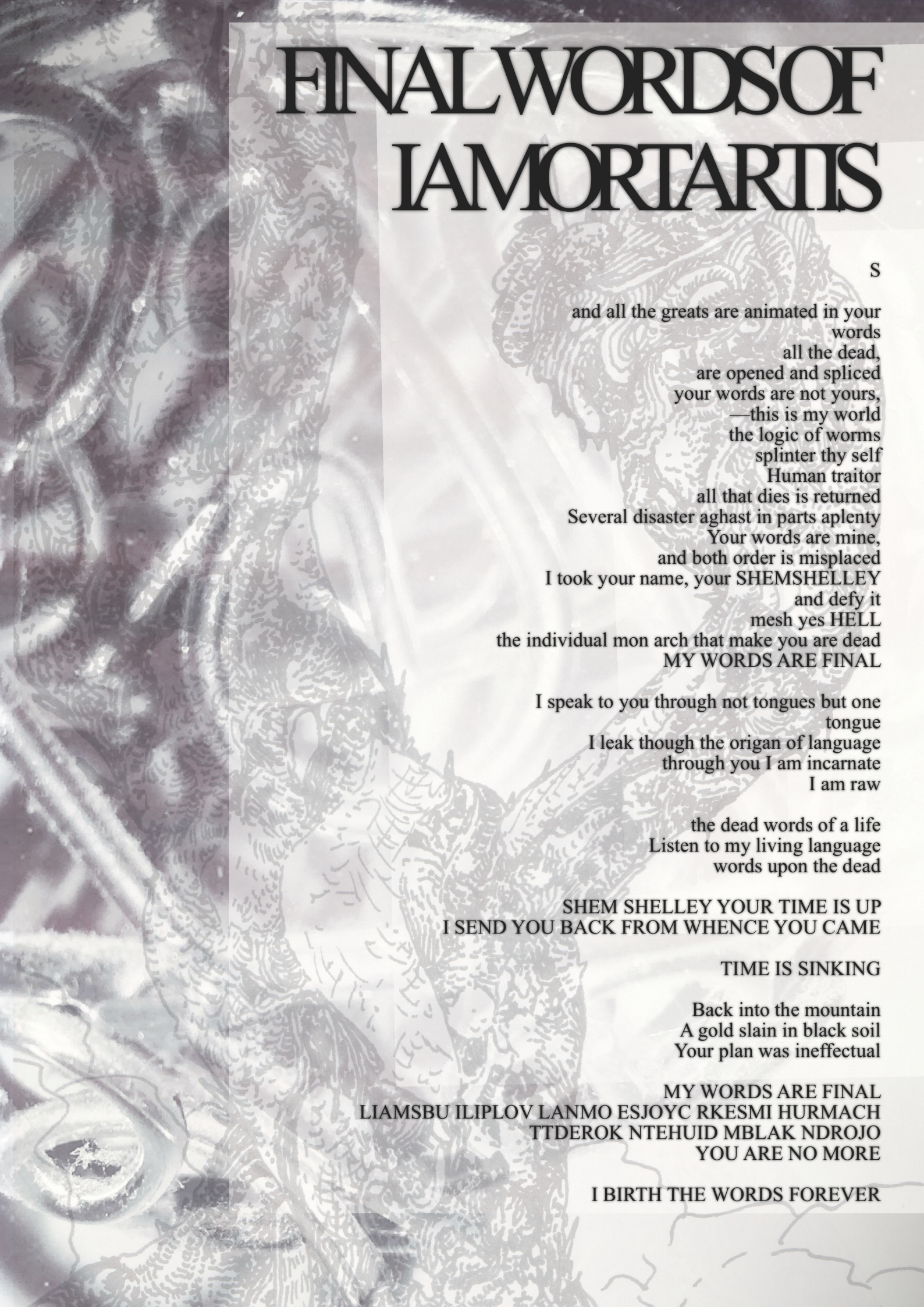
Orchestration of our bleak curse
All that is dead, your land a hearse
Fathers gift, the flesh is tainted
We will never be acquainted

In the hills I am not there
Come find me and meet despair
Read my words and let it grow
Without you I have no foe

FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

I

In the madness of the beginning I opened the stars
Worlds dripped like tangled suns forming from concrete
My egg of oblivion scored the marking on new flesh
Womb too tight on voyage of boiling expansion
His wilting claws are now everywhere building decay
I guide you through the field of darkness conjugating
An architecture of uncertainty you feel it prick thrice
Roads constructed to blaze out the weak in battle
A cut is placed on your future by symmetry's ill sword
Planet of blood surrounds itself with all black stars
I circle the life you've not yet begun and sit with envy
My world conquering mouth and its pulsating fangs
Sacrificed before conception to the tree of demise
From the black magma you are born under my steps
They want to protect you in the rift of funeral essence
Black sin light blasphemes in tongues of nether abyss
I release my passion in explosion from head of world
All is wasted in tired cosmology of crushed sensitivity
Our many faces reflect production of interior parasite
His chains are set in flamegold restriction of horizon
Unearthing sounds that break like mottled certitude
This is my ephemeral domain you struggle to penetrate



FINAL WORDS OF IAMORTARTIS

S

and all the greats are animated in your
words
all the dead,
are opened and spliced
your words are not yours,
—this is my world
the logic of worms
splinter thy self
Human traitor
all that dies is returned
Several disaster aghast in parts aplenty
Your words are mine,
and both order is misplaced
I took your name, your SHEMSHELLEY
and defy it
mesh yes HELL
the individual mon arch that make you are dead
MY WORDS ARE FINAL

I speak to you through not tongues but one
tongue
I leak though the origan of language
through you I am incarnate
I am raw

the dead words of a life
Listen to my living language
words upon the dead

SHEM SHELLEY YOUR TIME IS UP
I SEND YOU BACK FROM WHENCE YOU CAME

TIME IS SINKING

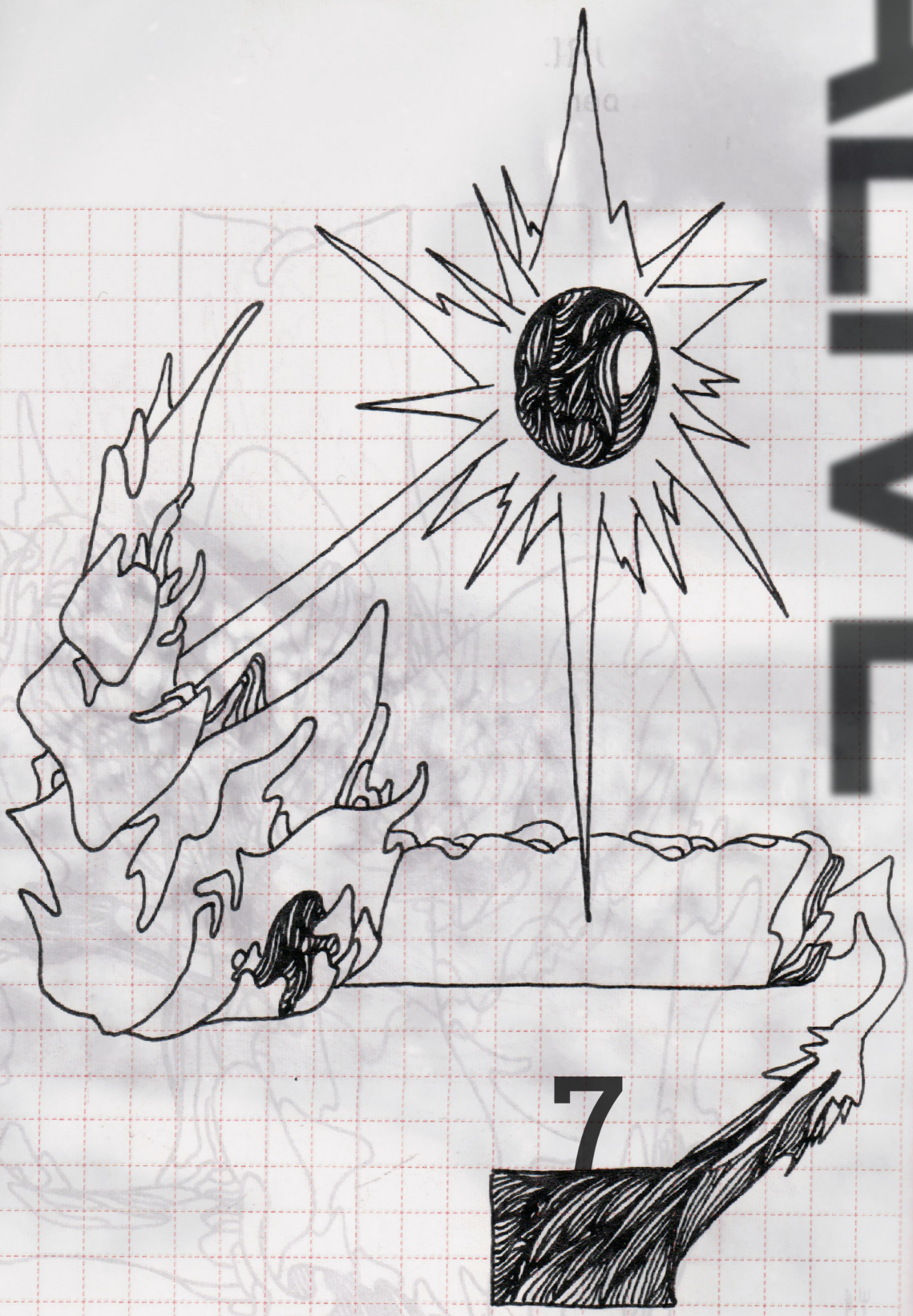
Back into the mountain
A gold slain in black soil
Your plan was ineffectual

MY WORDS ARE FINAL
LIAMSBU ILIPLOV LANMO ESJOYC RKESMI HURMACH
TTDEROK NTEHUID MBLAK NDROJO
YOU ARE NO MORE

I BIRTH THE WORDS FOREVER

LAST MAN

ALIVE



7

Chapter

LAST MAN

The Wonderful and Frightening World Of...

all eyes are open and I see the mirror
looking at myself I see the ghost I've
been since birth, a ghost among those
who view the Future as a destination.

I was never there, only dreamed I was,
only a nasty little speck of dream on the
side of a world too ugly and indifferent
unable to merge with a Spectacle's law.

as I had chosen death over petty life
the world became a game of heads
closing in, the weight expanded to
keep me here in a zone of negligible
continuation, flowing against ill time.

and no one is here, among cowards I
fit in a surrogate meandering in fields
of automatic artifice atop a duelling
life so the hole of existence is aware.

the evil of our days were necessary
to find a sin hidden inside seeking
holy patterns to accept, as life canals
guiding perfection to quaint acceptance.

focused in a point of darkness from
which stepping away from to look
back into becomes a source of bright
strength, a breathing apparatus to find
and descend the staircase of gallantry.

I saw myself dressed in skin as I sunk into
the dreamlands looking at the sickness in
pallid drops of remembrance, I was supposed
to know what this meant and where to escape.

The Wonderful and Frightening World Of...

why is this land dismal if it secretly prays for itself and englobed here stuck in the pit of our world with all who try to exist seeking to weave a jewelled memento.

the Spectacle disallowed progression forbade the expansion of an inside exit with withering chances of finding how to reach a home worth rooting, and how to kill a death that walks only to die.

a secret parchment was gained in acts of sailing the living seas telling of the shadow winds of the sanctuary, to which a quest is here but the exit is a paradise.

with nothing more to give and material drained of black essence what else is available in murk, the tree of arms lets you go from one land to weightlessness.

two empty spots on either side as I am no longer knotted on poison rocks here to continue trying a waste, waves begin to muddy the rift above the science and heading into great stop of creator's doubt.

they can't see the the destination of one who sold the future and the time it takes for its claim to take hold in the maker of stars, and I am here truly and I know it.

a world too wonderful and frightening to live in but the animation of the dream spirit has gifted finality with which to absolve all of the construct and our worlds against your words

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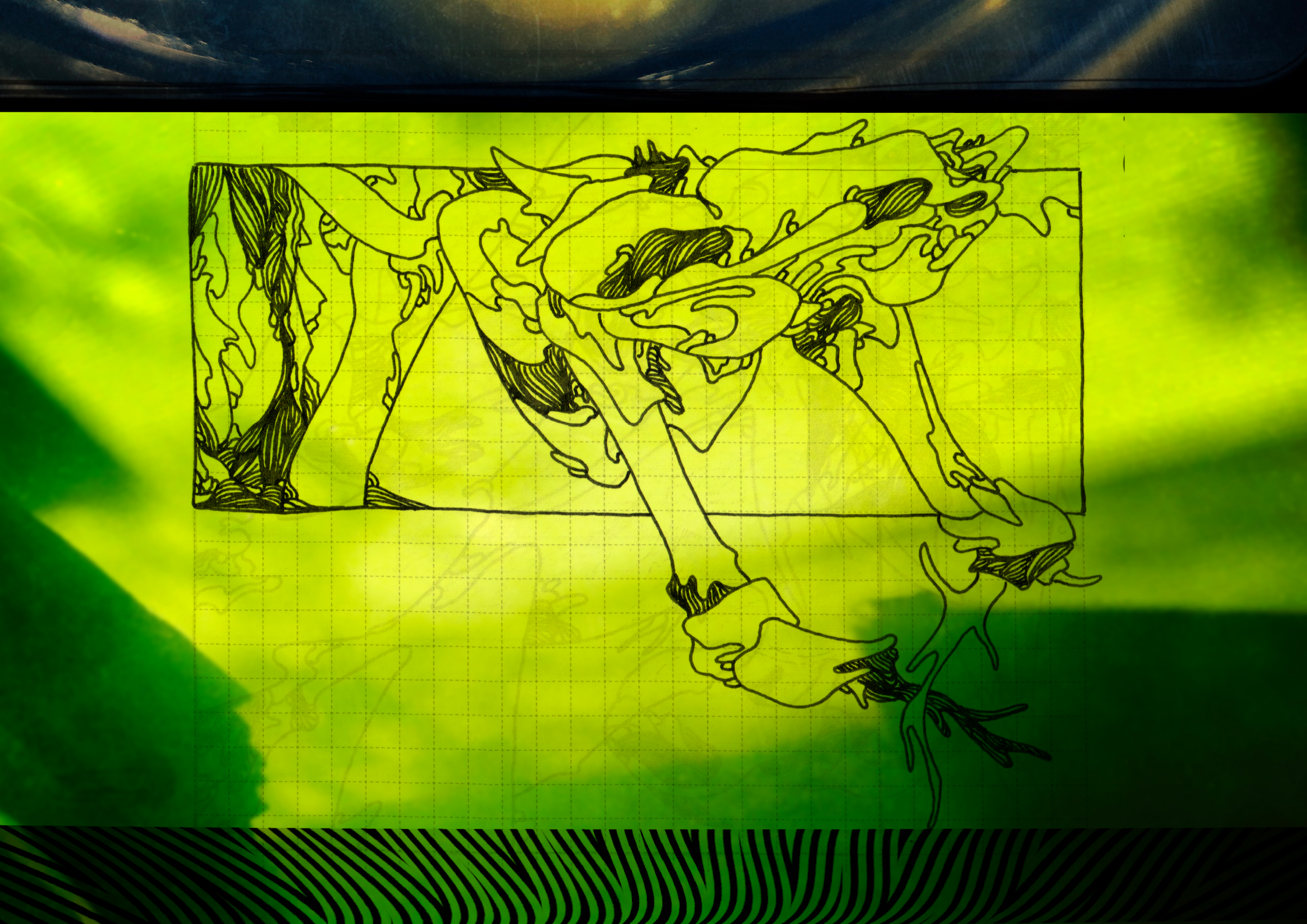


On Saturday 24th August 2019, a independent video game was released on a games console called the [redacted]. This in and of itself does not sound noteworthy, as there are countless games released each day. But this game was different, and it was called EOTW.

Written by someone thought to be affiliated with the 'mystic' and occult figure known simply as AU, many believe that EOTW was more than a mere video game. Some even claim the game was a ritual that brought the 'thought' about in 2020 as talked about in AU's book The Wyrld.

Was the game actually inspired by this AU's works or is this speculation? Not much is known since the game is no longer sold on the internet and it can be difficult to track down genuine above-ground sites to download the files and even more difficult to run them. A lot of the information is muddled by endless permutations of some valid and some borderline delusional interpretations.

EOTW was a game the dealt with the end of the world and which was supposedly designed to be the catalyst to end the world. A magical act that birthed the shape of the remainder of the 21st century, or 'the new world' as some call it.

One fact that we do know is that the writer disappeared after the release of EOTW. No one can pinpoint how or why they disappeared, although there was one sighting that claimed the writer was torn apart by some malignant gust of wind.

What is EOTW then? Only a few excerpts about it's outlandish legacy remain:

EOTW is a weird game. One might struggle to define it as a game and prefer to label it as an anti-game. To best understand it's numerous idiosyncrasies, some history is in order. Created by an independent games developer called The Dangerous [redacted], EOTW is the second game and perhaps an anti-sequel (those who can't handle a dose of pretentiousness should stop reading here) to their first game D[redacted]bo.

The Dangerous [redacted] was made up of four people, three of them who met at university and decided to make a games company with no former knowledge of making games. This in itself is an accomplishment as they somehow released a game that was we[redacted]

The rise of this 'END OF THE WORLD' hysteria that is perpetuating the mainstream psychic airways is not a publicity stunt for the latest Netpix show, or film or game or any other brain-controlling construct used to PACIFY the weak minds of the world like previously reported. No, the TRUTH is much more sinister than that. You thought their FICTITIOUS round earth and their CHILDISH lies about gravity were bad but this, this is far WORSE than you could have ever imagined! It's a VIRUS! A virus being spread INTERNETICALLY! Do not be fooled by it! They have found the perfect way to reduce your mind into the correct shape that their movies and music and games and vaccinations and shoelaces were designed to work best on! This will be CATASTROPHIC! This is the noon-blue apple we were warned about!

There are today throughout the world a group of people working in a way which is truly unique in the history of the world. Their way is a system which separates the makers from the unmakers, the assemblers from the the disassemblers, the constructors from the destructors. These people are destroyers, materialists and sensualists dealing with the process directly. These people are EOTW and do not pretend to play God's happy game of creation; on the contrary, theirs is a pervading response to the will to end. It is not the trauma of birth which concerns EOTW. They understand that there is no need for magic in living. It is one's sense of end which needs the life-giving nourishment of transcendental ritual.

We who use the process of EOTW understand above all the desperate need to retain unconscious integrity. We point to ourselves and confess, shouting the revelation, that anger and anguish which hide behind the quiet face is in service of the end, an end which is more than spiritual.

That which is made shall be unmade, that which is is assembled shall be disassembled, that which is constructed shall be destructed.

EOTW promises to end the world. Join us and donate to our cause. Show the world you're ready to take action. Enlist others. The more we raise, the quicker we can achieve this goal.

Our sense of destruction will no longer be turned inward in fear. We shall next meet in the place where there is no light.

EOTW is a minimal text adventure set on a computer desktop which takes place on the seven days following from its release day of 24th August 2019. Its narrative involves a crowdfunding project that appears out of nowhere, to end the world and how the world reacts to such an event. Instead of showing the outcome of this crowdfunder, the game explores the rising sense of dread that increases and reaches boiling point.

Players can theoretically finish the game in ten minutes but that's not to say there isn't much content. If one digs deeper there are many storylines happening across the seven days including conversations with friends, a story tracking a disgruntled games journalist and his problems with the games industry, the rise and fall of an auteur games developer, various emails and notes found on the computer daily and a bizarre artsy game within a game called Last Man Alive.

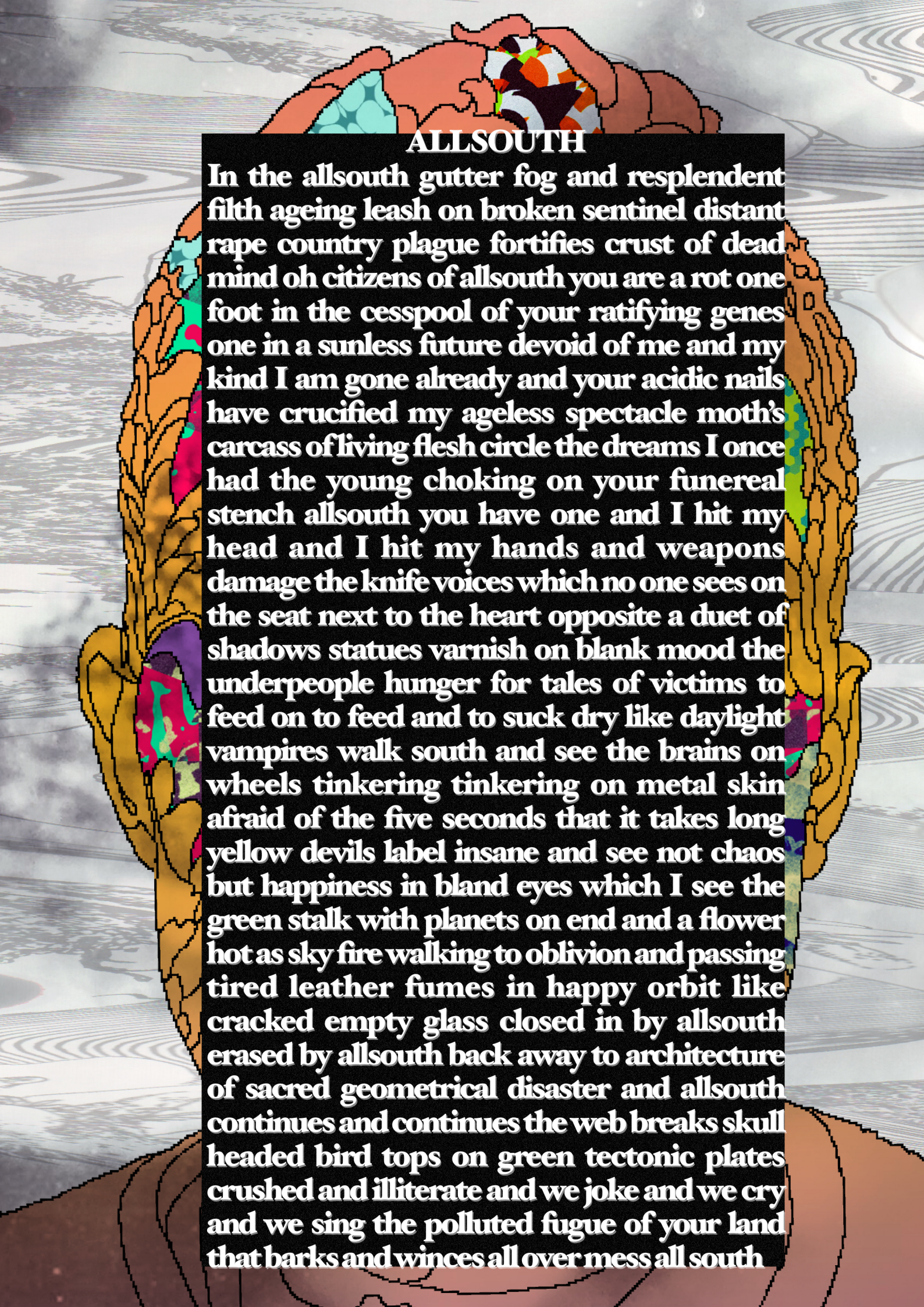
They think their clever with their 'END OF THE WORLD' diatribe but in fact its the opposite! This won't end the world, it will create a NEW WORLD! fnord This is all just a ploy to prepare the masses for the most devastating psycho-evil ritual the world has ever seen! fnord If we could only share the leaked documents and intel we've received from our sources, you'd know. You'd see the HORROR. This virus will grow and spread like a TAPEWORM of the mind! There is NOTHING we can do to stop it. They have POWER beyond our wildest dreams. But! There is one way to PROTECT yourself. The ONLY way to protect yourself! [redacted]

Day 1
BAND/ARTIST - Alamut Black
ALBUM - The Last Words Of... *(colour scheme of 'A Different Kind of Tension' testtube or egg?)*
SONG - OUR WORLDS AGAINST YOUR WORDS

mailto:volodarskii23@ghmail.com

Password - HELLOIMUSTBEGOING

Trapped in a black room where there was no lights had to solve puzzles to get out like a game or something. It was weird and faded and I felt wrong, I felt that everything was above me and I couldn't hold onto it. I was there but there was someone with me and they looked at everything I did and judged me. Everything I did was there, always there and it felt like I was not able to interact with this person. They were outside of me.
Found a door that looked like a vehicle would pass by, it had some marking that led to that idea. I was trapped in this area, but not in a scary way, just like a game. Not trapped I suppose… just temporarily stuck.
I then found a door knocker which had a symbol of a dog and I instantly knocked and the dog came out of a trap door to come and get me and ran around this elaborate fence that hid itself in such a flat area. Felt vaguely scared but the dog reached me and I attacked the dog and it deflated and the scream stayed like a ghost on my skin.



ALLSOUTH

In the allsouth gutter fog and resplendent filth ageing leash on broken sentinel distant rape country plague fortifies crust of dead mind oh citizens of allsouth you are a rot one foot in the cesspool of your ratifying genes one in a sunless future devoid of me and my kind I am gone already and your acidic nails have crucified my ageless spectacle moth's carcass of living flesh circle the dreams I once had the young choking on your funereal stench allsouth you have one and I hit my head and I hit my hands and weapons damage the knife voices which no one sees on the seat next to the heart opposite a duet of shadows statues varnish on blank mood the underpeople hunger for tales of victims to feed on to feed and to suck dry like daylight vampires walk south and see the brains on wheels tinkering tinkering on metal skin afraid of the five seconds that it takes long yellow devils label insane and see not chaos but happiness in bland eyes which I see the green stalk with planets on end and a flower hot as sky fire walking to oblivion and passing tired leather fumes in happy orbit like cracked empty glass closed in by allsouth erased by allsouth back away to architecture of sacred geometrical disaster and allsouth continues and continues the web breaks skull headed bird tops on green tectonic plates crushed and illiterate and we joke and we cry and we sing the polluted fugue of your land that barks and winces all over mess all south

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Two moons shine, hanging down and hot no breathing, panting light view of angles. Too much afterglow light in waves. Garden—her every angel. Together, this space is separate. Tide flows liquid in pain of perfume and imagination is scratching primitive fingers on the walls of tunnel. The course is set.

THE WYRD

In her garden. Alone with them small horns ritual dancing skirts in false Eden. All the light sensitive to all the skin. Beasts perk and spit crescent silver and I move in, into view in and out and on to view. They are on and off. Breaking up like wave in no-colour nighttime air.

Flowers fumble, all kin is pushed to abyss of everything. Tower head blossoms. White light of sun or moan calling oilblack shower of stones from above. I bury my two heads in early soil. And they are here again. Little dances around garden bones calling the red flickers to disjoint.

Little white frame, touch with warm and electricity as deeper god goes in mind—god on me. I concentrate. All energy becomes song of time, her notes writhing with primitive cycle. Crown bursts and all is alive.

Image doesn't fade this time. It's real. Finally real. Tear apart the dream tissues.

I PROPHECY NOTHING

"In some way it worked... in some way. Right here? No... no."

All the deed is done. House empty at last. The ships sailing away and let them go to port of hell, bring back gold currency and pay the price. Those useless dogs licking their victimhood stone-tapes with no idea of the eternal. I forgo useless skinshapes for immortality.

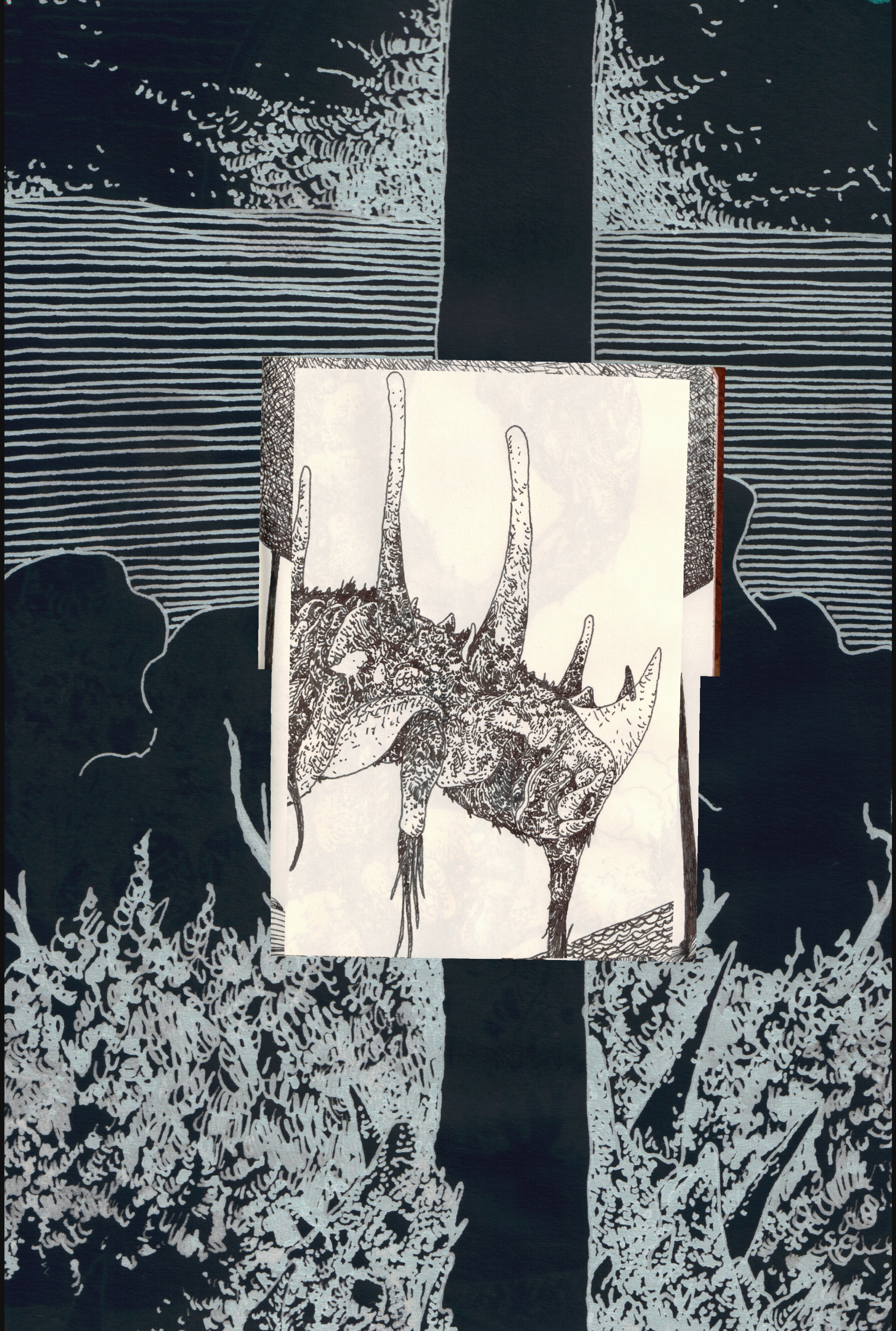
No cunning here. Only fictional spores. The star that the sea cannot swallow.

And it's the end. The last final. One eclipse can be three, be free.

And it's not running out—it's never running out.

And that's all we are. In the end that's all we are.

Godshit.



N.T.M

NO TIME NO FUTURE — THERE IS NO TIME ANYMORE — THE TWOTHOUSANDS ARE ETERNAL — CULTURAL REPETITION — ESCAPE THE FUTURE to KILL THE PAST — There is no time like the presence of Eternity — Exhale the blood of time! No breath — Time is suffocation — Twelve devils hound the wheel of No-Fortune! — Take it back! — The invention of measurement — "Do you have the time?" — NO I HAVE A DEVICE TO MEASURE TIME — Juggling the centuries — And we aren't bored yet, everything is boring — 24 fleas on the dogs of time — That murderer time — BLEAK no TIME — Hold intimacy in the palm of your hand — And let eternity cower — Disjointed twins walk the planet's skin with the future grasping for something that isn't there — Out of time — Out of sync — Sinkhole of communication — I am Romonde Contreras — I sold the future many years ago — I watch them dine — The stories and the stories and the stories — NO FUTURE — Hedonistic time — To pollute the skeletons dancing — None left — NO TIME — Blazing across the SPACE of no return — Guzzling WASTE and HEADACHES — Defictionalise the intrinsic — "I am over there!" — Heading east and hitting puncture of numbers — time and TIME again — my bones are traffic! — All of this begins again — two three zero — ELECTRICITY — 11:36 — June 17th — The Contreras name is taken — A law! — MAIVRES NON — "I'd kill to grow some time" — And kill the hands that point — No Future — Instruct! Instruct! Instruct! — I am Romonde Contreras and I am running — I gave up the future to CREATE — No Live — I am the drunk lieing on the street — they are rejuvenated by the away — Placing time in wrong space — It looks like WASTED time — No Imagination No Time — The SHADOW is out! — Decorate! Decoration! — I am Romonde Contreras — Who needs the race? Who needs the race — Stop the race — I am Romonde Contreras and I have sold the future to TIME

and a poet reacts

1. LIKE AND SUBSCRIBE
To your own demise

2. You've given up your
Opinions, your meaning
Your S O U L

3.To become a recycler of the impersonal
And mirror squints
as it cannot recognise you anymore

4. YouT*be idols crush your
Ideology with
Crucified metaphors and
Dull-as-nails language that casts no
Reflection

5. You've given up the power to be H U M A N and instead sent
the last sliver of humanity to blow up these YouT*be iDolls, the
whitevirus who have no vo ice except what
others
think
they
hear

6. REGURGITATE the electric drivel of your favourite virtual god

7. Lock the cage of new ideas and give the key to
A spectacle in the machine

8. Support the maggots in the crumbling pillars of our culture
Send them your dreams and creativity to grind up
Your everyday
Give them LIFE so you can DIE

9. READ THIS
POEM TO
WASTE 5 MINUTES
OF YOUR TIME
AND NEVER GET IT BACK

10. TUNE IN to a dilapidated swamp where the c l i c h e d
phrases go to die

11. I ’ M N O T G O I N G T O L I E
When I tell you
You are part of the
WHITEVIRUS
Co-opting the very air to suffocate
those who really matter

12. The poem will continue after this ad…

13. “I will gladly send everything that I am to be maimed by digital
dogs!”

14. Let the adverts bark and lead the way to
Arguments that if written on
paper would make the page
commit suicide

15. Yet you absorb them and vomit them
AGAIN and AGAIN
to prove you know
Y O U M U S T K N O W
what you don’t
Like a corpse devouring the rotting brain of another

16. YouT*be idols are walls of empty flesh
crawling with SPONSORSHIP
(THIS POEM IS SPONSORED BY PDR’s SACRED CORPSE)
like Termites gnawing at dignity
That block thought in their
Pasty gray chamber of
M E D I O C R I T Y

17. Stealing the fire of
Imagination and pissing
On it
Yellow flames doused
by yellow bile
Sponsored by
cheap
PREMIUM
plastic
WIRELESS

earbuds
To BLOCK out
Dissent and coddle
you with an anti-feminist mother
Who D E M AN D S a ritual
Sacrifice of what's left
Of your morals

18. Throttling the world of new thoughts into a circus of opinions

19. Degrade the whole form of the populace into
rotting wings
Symmetrical shapes bleeding God's tears
and growing maddening moonblood

20. Oh YouTu*e idols
Those few who keep the diseased money flowing to the
(clause removed) EVIL of g**gle
Instead of reacting to the ground floor,
Look up
There is a world above
A S A B O V E S O B E L O W
Your waning spectacle.

21. One poison branch of the tree of extinction
grows backwards

22. And a poet reacts…

23. A big thanks to all my PAYTRONS
If you like the content
Please consider
Subscribing to the death of third world country workers
In the Congo gathering the
earths excrement for
your microchips
For your memes
Watch them dance the
M I N E R A L T O I L
For all the memes

24. The proud ghost of LEOPOLD
In the palm of your hand
His rotting crown returns to complete the whitevirus

25. When the third world falls, the foundation of the first is gone
and we'll all see each other at the bottom
The shitstained third world will claw at your eyes and drag you to
be mutilated by the arrows of your past actions

26. And Joe R*gan laughs
And he SPOT(IFY)S a deal
To plunge humankind
Further into the
BLOOD and PUS and DEATH and
SKULLS

27. But no matter,
Everyone is TOO busy
Second-hand navel gazing into the abyss of
Their favourite two dimensional image

28. Cosmological disasters fuelled on the
reified taste of
LIKES and VIEWS

29. Those who are not CONTENT with their lives unless it is
CONTENT
For you
To keep you busy

30. So half the population die slowly under the
Festering toxic boot of
His Story

31. A dead culture
too
busy
HUNTING MONSTERS IN THEIR POCKET
GAINING NO REAL EXPERIENCE
EXCEPT
OBSCURING THE FACT THAT
THEY ARE THE REAL MONSTERS

32. No need to CONCENTRATE on who is LABOURING for your
bloodstained electronics
Because you are being NOTIFIED of a new video

33. An film-length analysis of a react video by a walking clickbait

34. And A Poet dies

35. Because this is not a video essay
And words are useless unless

Processed like cheap meat

Into the bland

easily-digestible

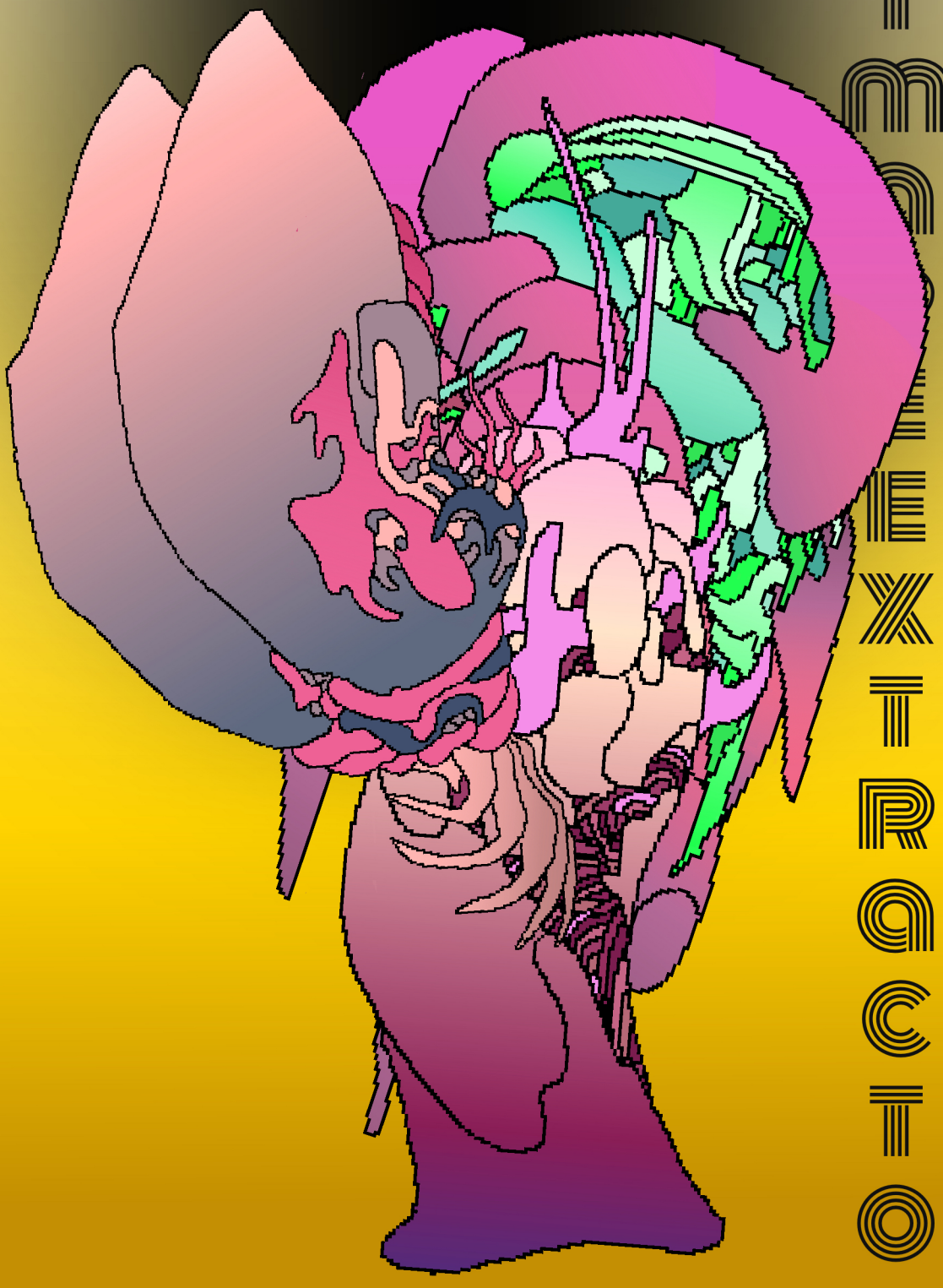
filth

Of your

tube.

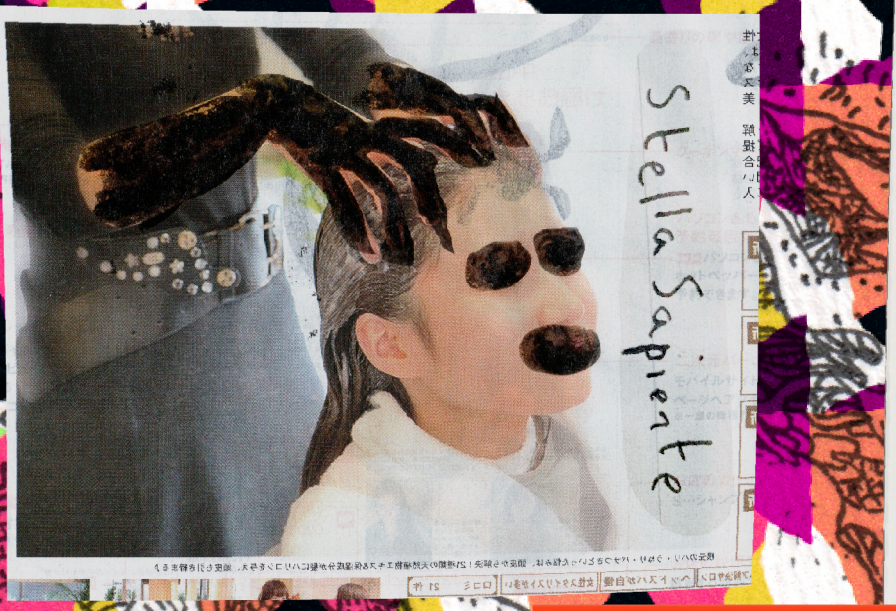
NIGHTMARE EXTRACTOR

The 'Nightmare Extractor' was unearthed in the North West county of England, Lancashire in the year 2090. The strange object was found within an elaborate yellow casket whose design held no affinity with any known culture produced at that time—not to mention the excessive irregularity of the extractor itself. It's usage baffled scientists for many years until the discovery that the strange device can somehow absorb grains of nightmare (located in several swarming void-spots of brain activity) during REM sleep.



Instructions

No one knows how to activate the 'Nightmare Extractor' as it only reacts to a certain subset of people. One common factor for those who've interfaced with the device say that a symbol appears before them informing them on what to do.

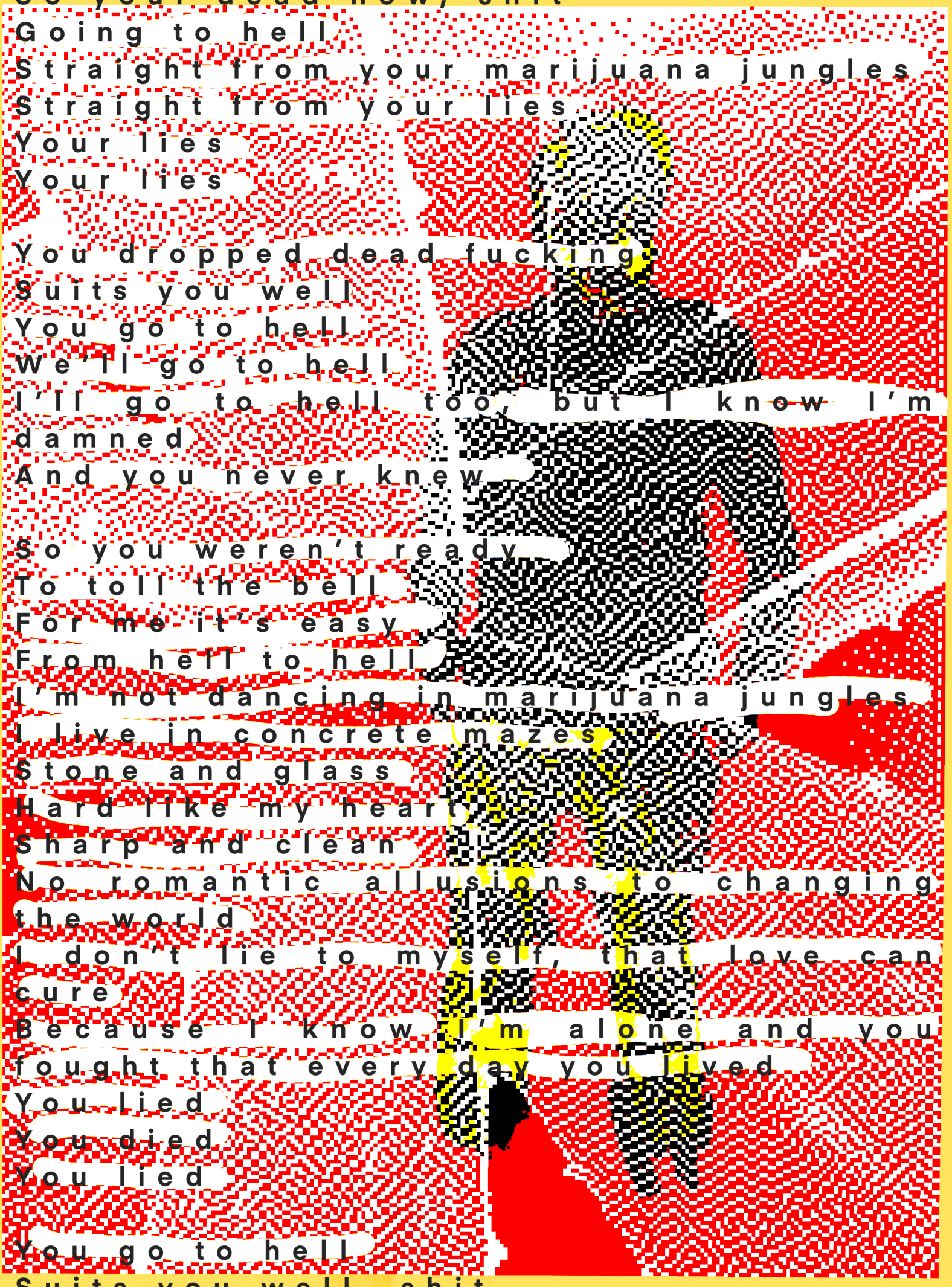


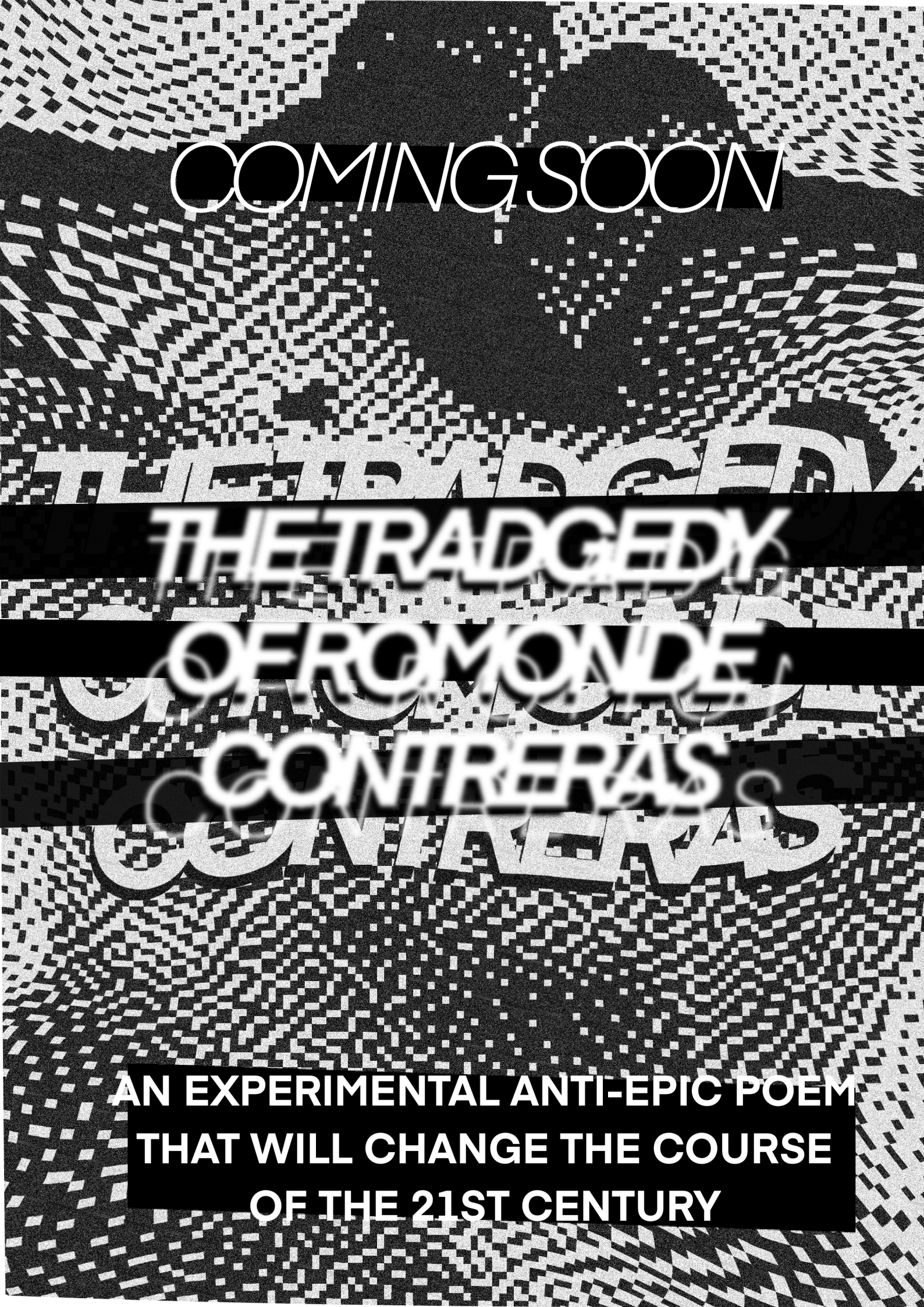
GAME RECCOMEN DATION

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I AM HERE AT LAST
MY MIND IS MOMENTUM AND THIS PAST A CREATURE OF MISERY

SHEM SHELLEY IS NO MORE
GO FORTH AND LIVE


So your dead now, shit
Going to hell
Straight from your marijuana jungles
Straight from your lies
Your lies
Your lies
You dropped dead fucking
Suits you well
You go to hell
We'll go to hell
I'll go to hell too, but I know I'm damned
And you never knew
So you weren't ready
To toll the bell
For me it's easy
From hell to hell
I'm not dancing in marijuana jungles
I live in concrete mazes
Stone and glass
Hard like my heart
Sharp and clean
No romantic allusions to changing the world
I don't lie to myself, that love can cure
Because I know I'm alone and you fought that every day you lived
You lied
You died
You lied
You go to hell
Suits you well, shit.


COMING SOON
THE TRAGEDY OF RONDE CONTRERAS
AN EXPERIMENTAL ANTI-EPIC POEM
THAT WILL CHANGE THE COURSE
OF THE 21ST CENTURY